

eye of Wellington was upon them, and that all was necessarily right. Nor, with all his seeming hardness, was Wellington in any degree a cruel or inhumane man. He was, on the contrary, essentially kind and benevolent. The same old campaigner to whom we owe the anecdote,—a gallant and kind-hearted, but, like many soldiers, thoughtless man,—had, notwithstanding a tolerably adequate income for his condition, fallen into straits; and he at length bethought him, in his difficulties, of availing himself of that arrangement made by the Whigs about twenty years ago, when they first came into office, through which he might sell his pension. The proposed terms, however, were hard; and poor Johnston, wholly unconscious of the politics of the day, wrote to his old general, to see whether he could not procure for him better ones from his Majesty's Ministers, recounting, in his letter, his services and his wounds, and stating that it was his intention, with the money which he was desirous of raising, to emigrate to British America. And prompt by return of post came the Duke's reply, written in the Duke's own hand. Never was there sounder advice more briefly expressed. "The Duke of Wellington," said his Grace, "has received William Johnston's letter; and he earnestly recommends him, first, not to seek for a provision in the colonies of North America, if he be not able-bodied, and in a situation to provide for himself in circumstances of extreme difficulty; secondly, not to sell or mortgage his pension. *The Duke of Wellington has no relation whatever with the King's Ministers.* He recommends William Johnston to apply to the adjutant-general of the army. (London, March 7th, 1832)." The old pensioner did not take the Duke's advice; for he *did* sell his pension, and, though, in consequence of his wounds, not very able-bodied, he *did* emigrate to America, and, we fear, suffered in consequence; but it was not the less true humanity on the part of his Grace to counsel so promptly